

*Bene.* Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

*Pedro.* To be whipt, what's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-joyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and he steales it.

*Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not bene amisse the rod had bene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue worne himselfe, and the rod hee might haue bestowed on you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest.

*Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

*Pedro.* The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunt with her, told her shee is much wrong'd by you.

*Bene.* O she misusde me past the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue answered her: my very viſor began to assume life, and scold with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had bene my selfe, that I was the Princes leſter, and that I was duller then a great thaw, huddling left vpon left, with such impossible conueiance vpon me, that I stood like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speaks poynyards, and euery word stabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgressed, she would haue made *Hercules* haue turnd spit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God some scholler would coniure her, for certainly while she is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people ſinne vpon purpose, because they would goe thither, so indeed all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

*Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.*

*Pedro.* Looke heere she comes.

*Bene.* Will your Grace command mee any seruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest errand now to the Antypodes that you can deuise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of *Prefter Iohns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment for me?

*Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene.* O God sir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue. *Exit.*

*Pedro.* Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

*Beatr.* Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gaue him vse for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before he wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I haue lost it.

*Pedro.* You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

*Beatr.* So I would not he should doe me, my Lord, I should prooue the mother of foolles: I haue brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seeke.

*Pedro.* Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad my Lord.

*Pedro.* How then? sicke?

*Claud.* Neither, my Lord.

*Beatr.* The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and something of a ieaious complexion.

*Pedro.* Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false: heere *Claudio*, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, Amen to it.

*Beatr.* Speake Count, tis your Qu.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest Herauld of ioy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and doat vpon the exchange.

*Beatr.* Speake cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

*Pedro.* Ifaith Lady you haue a merry heart.

*Beatr.* Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keeps on the windy side of Care, my cousin tells him in his care that he is in my heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth cousin.

*Beatr.* Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

*Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beatr.* I would rather haue one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace neere a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*Prince.* Will you haue me? Lady.

*Beatr.* No, my Lord, vntill I might haue another for working-daies, your Grace is too costly to weare euery day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

*Prince.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

*Beatr.* No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a starre daunt, and vnder that was I borne: confins God giue you ioy.

*Leonato.* Neece, will you looke to those rhings I told you of?

*Beatr.* I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon.

*Exit Beatrice.*

*Prince.* By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is neuer sad, but when shee sleepe, and not euery sad then: for I haue heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappineſſe, and wakt her selfe with laughing.

*Pedro.* Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

*Leonato.* O, by no means, shee mocks all her wooers out of suite.

*Prince.* She were an excellent wife for *Benedicke*.

*Leonato.* O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married,

married, they would talke themselves madde.

*Prince.* Counte *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

*Claud.* To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Loue haue all his rites.

*Leonato.* Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a iust seuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue all things answer minde.

*Prince.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not goe dully by vs, I will in the interim, vndertake one of *Heracles* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall giue you direction.

*Leonato.* My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee ten nights watchings.

*Claud.* And I my Lord.

*Prince.* And you to gentle *Hero*?

*Hero.* I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe my cousin to a good husband.

*Prince.* And *Benedicke* is not the vnhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble straine, of approoued valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that thee shall fall in loue with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpees, will so practise on *Benedicke*, that in despite of his quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, hee shall fall in loue with *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely loue-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exit.*

*Enter Iohn and Borachio.*

*Iohn.* It is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

*Bor.* Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.

*Iohn.* Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euently with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

*Bor.* Not honestly my Lord, but so couertly, that no dishonesty shall appeare in me.

*Iohn.* Shew me briefly how.

*Bor.* I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the fauour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

*Iohn.* I remember.

*Bor.* I can at any vnseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

*Iohn.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

*Bor.* The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whose estimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

*Iohn.* What prooffe shall I make of that?

*Bor.* Prooffe enough, to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to vndoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other issue?

*Iohn.* Onely to despight them, I will endeavour any thing.

*Bor.* Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loues me, intend a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a loue of your brothers

honor who hath made the

tation, who is thus like to

of a maid, that you haue

ly beleene this without

shall beare no lesse like

chamber window, heere

*Margaret* terme me *Claudio*

the very night before the

meane time, I will so fast

be absent, and there shall

*Heroes* disloyaltie, that is

and all the preparation of

*Iohn.* Grow this to v

put it in practise: be cun

thy fee is a thousand duc

*Bor.* Bethou constanc

ning shall not shame me.

*Iohn.* I will presentli

age.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Bene.* Boy.

*Boy.* Signior.

*Bene.* In my chamber

hither to me in the orcha

*Boy.* I am heere already

*Bene.* I know that, but

heere againe. I doe much

how much another man

behaviours to loue, wi

shallow follies in others

owne scorne, by falling

I haue known when ther

the drum and the fife, a

taber and the pipe: I ha

walkt ten mile afoot, to

he lie ten nights awake

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an honest man & a soule

graphy, his words are a

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these eyes? I cannot tel

sworne, but loue may tra

take my oath on it, till h

shall neuer make me such

I am well: another is wi

ous, yet I am well: but

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be, that's certaine: wife,

uer cheapen her: faire, o

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good discourse: an excel

be of what colour it ple

*Monſieur* Loue, I will hi

*Enter Prince, Leonato.*

*Prin.* Come, shall we

*Claud.* Yea my good

As hush on purpose to g

*Prin.* See you where

*Claud.* O very well my

Wee'll fit the kid-foxe

*Prin.* Come *Baltha*

*Balth.* O good my L

To slander musicke any

*Prin.* It is the winde